MY FATHER,

A

POEM.

NEW-YORK:

Mahlon Day, 374 Pearl-st.

—

1836.

MY FATHER,

A POEM.

Who takes a parents' kind advice,
But seldom falls a prey to vice.

NEW-YORK:
MAHLON DAY, 374 PEARL-STREET.
1836.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Where shall I go to spend a penny ?
Who gives the worth of all my money,
In books that's choice, if I want any?

Mahlon Day.

MY FATHER.

Who took me from my mother's arms,
And smiling at her soft alarms,
Showed me the world and nature's charms?
My Father.

Who as we grew up day by day,
Would teach his children's minds to stray
Along fair learning's flowery way?
My Father.

Who was it took such great delight
To show us how to act aright,
Nor, like the idle, scratch and fight ?
My Father.

Who from each flower and verdant stalk,
Gathered a honeyed store of talk,
To cheer the long, delightful walk ?
My Father.

Not on an insect would he tread,
Or crush the snail or beetle dead ;
Who taught at once my heart and head ?
My Father.

Who took me in the fields to walk,
And listened to my infant talk,
Making me chains of marsh-marygold stalk ?
My Father.

Who climbed with me the mountain's height,
And watched my look of dread delight
While rose the glorious orb of Light !
My Father.

And when my kite I wished to try,
Who held the string to make it fly,
While pleasure sparkled in my eye ?
My Father.

Who made me feel and understand
The wonders of the sea and land,
And mark, through all, the Maker's hand ?
My Father.

Who filled my breast with classic flame,
And showed me Homer's sacred theme,
Till ancient Greece revived in dream ?
My Father.

Upon the raft amidst the foam,
Who, with Ulysses, bade me roam,
His head still raised to look for home?
My Father.

When asked, what made the rock so dear?
Replied,—He had a country there—
Who then did drop a precious tear?
My Father.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice,
With charms of thy angelic voice :
Still prompt the motive and the choice.
My Father.

Then, if while here below we stray
Along life's thorny dangerous way,
Kind heaven shall grant us, while we pray,
My Father.

O ! teach me still thy christian plan :
Thy practice with thy precepts ran,
Nor yet desert me now a man.
My Father.

Should sickness overtake thy age,
My care shall every pain assuage,
And soothe thee from the sacred page,
My Father.

Who bade me never shut the door,
To shun the sorrows of the poor,
Nor slight the woes my aid could cure ?
My Father.

For yet remains a little space,
Ere I shall meet thee face to face,
And not as now in vain embrace.
My Father.

THE

BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door:
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road:
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I craved a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Heaven sends misfortunes, why should we repine;
'Tis heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But, ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn!

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandoned on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief and heaven will bless your store.

VERSES,

Addressed to a little girl named Margaret, whom the author met at Scarborough.

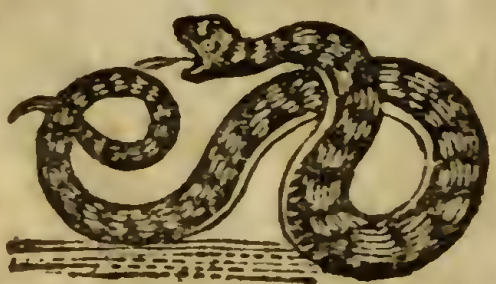
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Margaret, we never met before,
And, Margaret, we may meet no more!
What shall I say at parting?
Scarce half a moon has run its race,
Since first I saw your fairy face,
Around this gay and giddy place
Sweet smiles and blushes darting.
Yet from my heart I freely tell,
I cannot help but wish you well.

I dare not wish you stores of wealth,
A troop of friends, unfailing health,
And freedom from affliction?
I dare not wish you beauty's prize,
Carnation lips, and bright blue eyes?
They speak thro' tears, they breathe thro' sighs
Then hear my benediction;
Of those good things be thou possest,
Just in the measure God thinks best.

But litttle Margaret may you be
All that His eye delights to see;
All that He loves and blesses;
The Lord in darkness be your light,
Your strength in sickness, shield in fight,
Your comfort in distresses;
The hope of every future breath,
And your eternal joy in death.

THE END.



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